



# Questionable

Giovanni Mireles  
EVERGREEN HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

I find it funny people like to pick fights  
Just because they think that it feels right  
Stupid is what stupid does.  
Do it all just because  
Who he is or what he was  
Does this material make you  
Or will it all betray you?  
Disagree and hide the truth  
Or let the future belong to the youth



This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Evergreen High School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Maiah Merino.



# Charlie

{An Excerpt}

Akshaya Ajith, age 13

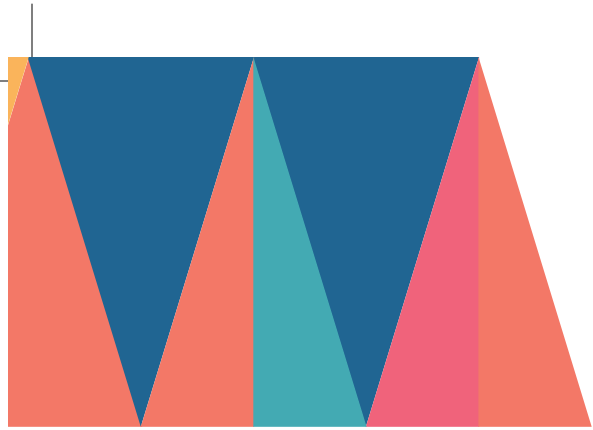
RENAISSANCE SCHOOL OF ART AND REASONING  
EIGHTH GRADE

Charlie's worn arm called for a taxi as he stumbled out of Lorlern University's drab office. He could feel his small body sag, his bones trembling from exhaustion. The artificial grass rustled in the artificial wind, and Charlie tried to fill himself with artificial solar powered energy as he attempted to walk towards the automated hovercraft that had shuddered to a stop beside him. The fake grass rustled as Charlie strode over the lawn and the stilled night air gave him a sense of foreboding. The silence inside the vehicle settled as Charlie tapped his destination.

Charlie inserted the credits that Valerian had left him into the machine and staggered into the elevator as the screen read 21:00 in a utilitarian font. The glass building, in contrast, was particularly reserved for the rich and famed. Charlie patted himself down, slipped a hand into his pocket and withdrew his ID, scanning it firmly as the door slid open. Quietly, Charlie untied his shoes, which were slowly falling apart and padded down the deep red velvet plush carpet. The modern expansive design of the area still impressed him— you couldn't take the Erodian blood from Charlie's veins, he may have lost his poor neighborhood, but it was forever in his memories and his heart. Charlie retreated to his side of the room as he unbuttoned his thin jacket, folding it, and placing the jacket carefully on his table. Intent on waking himself up, Charlie crept into the kitchen for a glass of bitter coffee.



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# Home (A Ghazal)

R. Blackbird  
THE CENTER SCHOOL  
TENTH GRADE

Only few miles left  
Then our steps will fall home

Stand off with the lone boy  
find out where he calls home

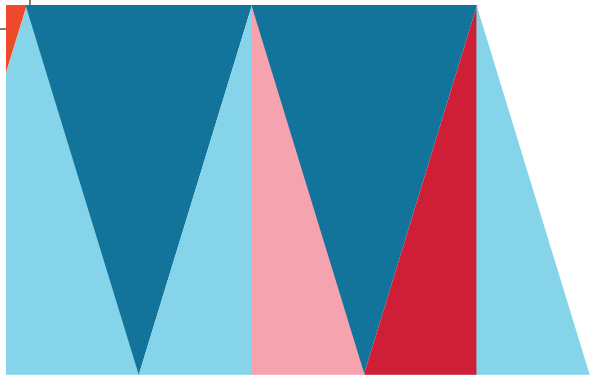
Picture frames broken glass  
line the hollow halls home

See apartheid like rain  
there are many walls home

gather thick in the sky  
Gray clouds sick crowds stall home.



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# Why Life is Beautiful

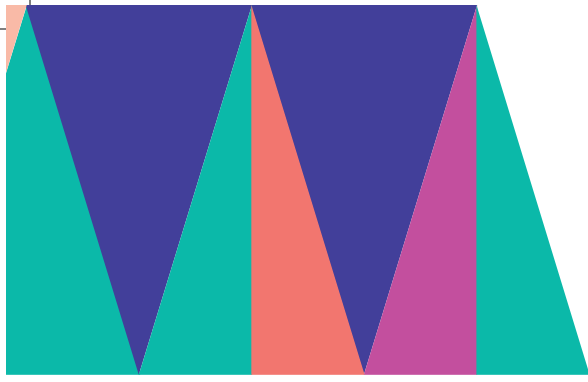
Katherine E. Boatman, age 17

PORT TOWNSEND HIGH SCHOOL  
ELEVENTH GRADE

Beauty has one hundred meanings. Beauty is the little things and how they dance around our heads with bare feet, oblivious to our happiness. Where we go, they go. And from the beginning to the end, the authenticity of beauty hangs onto us like a wool coat in the cold season, keeping us warm; but lies are stamped into our brains that we are left to freeze, standing alone in the darkness. We see life out of our eyes like how mother birds watch over their young, with careful breath. We limit ourselves to a bubble of our own world, sneaking around the monsters that in truth, just want to be our friends. But beauty in life grows on us and spreads, like vines covering a forgotten city made of gold. To appreciate clothes is to appreciate the sun, to appreciate our beating hearts is to appreciate the laughter from our brothers and sisters, and to know how lucky we are to see them smile. Though sometimes the cavalry of our bodies retreat back into the shadows, afraid of dying, the glimmering ray of hope drives us to battle. And when we're grey and old, when the hours that tick by are filled with nothing but memories of our past that swarm our minds like buzzing bees, we will know. We will know that it takes only a moment to realize that beauty in life is not in our heads, it is all around us. And just like brilliant streams of color which disguise butterflies departing from trees, we will fly up into the wisps of clouds, carrying the suitcase of beauty with us.



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# Ode to a Snake

Mordy Brown

NATHAN HALE HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

Don't step there  
tread carefully  
something lurks here  
I've seen it before

Here in this swamp  
though it is decreasing  
I've heard rumors that  
there's something living  
underneath this mess

This creature is a master of hiding  
it likes to be alone  
and burrows in silt  
the same soil that  
buried its ancestors  
and turned them to stone  
one million years ago

Today it is there in plain sight  
smart ass trying to fool us  
by imitating a coil of rubber  
a snake no thicker than my finger

Soot brown with three white stripes  
aligning its body  
big enough to fit in my palm  
a real dragon  
with scales smelling of rain and muck

Fool! Why are you curled up on the bike path?  
in the range of slicing tires and stomping boots  
with enemies striking from above  
and American jackals  
thin from hunger

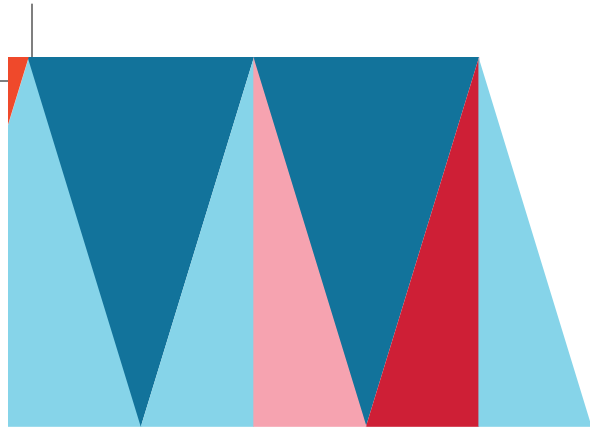
Hide in the grass  
go where you'll be safe

I want to pick you up  
put you in my coat pocket  
but what good would that do?  
you are at home here  
in this swamp

So I let you go  
and watch you slither away  
into the abyss.



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# Pantoum

Charlotte Calero, age 15

BALLARD HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE



Graphite stains my fingertips.  
From time spent drawing when I should be thinking.  
How could I, though?  
When deep purple stares from beneath my eyes.

Time is spent drawing when I should be thinking.  
Doodles of people, with perfect hair and perfect smiles.  
Deep purple stares from beneath my eyes.  
I wish I was perfect, too.

Doodles of people, with perfect hair, and perfect smiles.  
They sprawl across the pages, replace words and grades with the product  
of mindless fingers.  
I wish I was perfect, too.  
So, why am I doing this?

They sprawl across pages, replace words and grades with the product of  
mindless fingers.  
Stream of consciousness onto school papers.  
So why am I doing this?  
I should be writing.

I stream rivers of consciousness onto school papers,  
graphite stains my fingertips.  
I should be writing.  
How could I, though?



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# A Dark Summer Night

{An Excerpt}

Ava Cook, age 15  
BIG PICTURE HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE



It was a dark summer's night, 8:02 p.m. came around fast. In the flash that it came, it went. I was born!

The smell of hand sanitizer floated through the hospital room. You'd think that I would a completely happy baby... you'd think that maybe, just maybe there would be nothing wrong with me. But no, sadly that is not how it happened.

I was unusually grouchy, not like a normal everyday crying infant. It was even worse. I wasn't loud, I just had a death stare. You could tell just by looking at me that something was wrong.

After tests, the doctors were worried and after the news was shared it left my parents scared.

I was diagnosed with pulmonary stenosis, but the doctors at St. John's Mercy did not know how to do the balloon valvuloplasty to fix it. I had to be transferred to Children's Hospital where they would do the surgery and hope that I would make it through with the 25% chance something would go wrong.

After the surgery, I was hooked up to at least six different machines or tubes that would monitor my heart. This is when I looked the most unhappy.

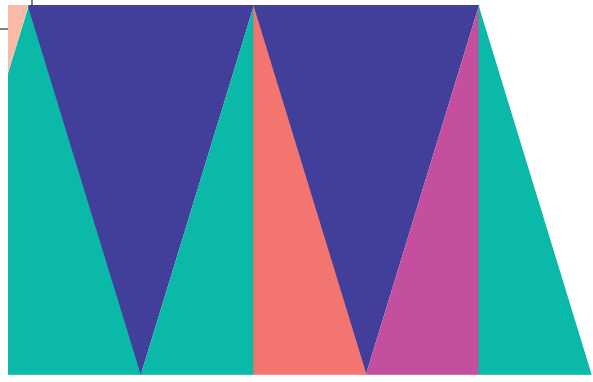
Every 2-3 years I have had to go to the cardiologist to check my heart murmur. Every time I was scared...

"Something is gonna be wrong... I am gonna die... and I won't make it through this appointment," I thought to myself.

My mind raced at one hundred miles a minute, all the extreme situations that were going through my head were probably not going to happen. I could just see the doctor looking through files.

In the end, everything turns out fine and I go to Pasta House.

This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Big Picture High School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Ramon Isao.



# My Name

Chimamanada Danita Egboh, age 13

WASHINGTON MIDDLE SCHOOL  
EIGHTH GRADE



My name is Chimamanda Danita Egboh.  
My name means I am gifted.

She does not know what she is made up of.  
She wants to be special like the others.

She sings in the church, but only when the others do too.  
She doesn't realize her talent is hidden from everyone.

She knows there's a special something roaming in her.  
She wants the world to know what she is composed of.  
She isn't used to words like "can do this" or "talented."

She is happiest when she can see others are proud of her singing.  
She sees the way everyone moves to her voice.

Finally, she knows she is gifted.  
Finally, she has something she can call her own.  
Finally, she has her own treasure.



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# She

Rose Elsberry, age 12

CATHARINE BLAINE K-8 SCHOOL  
SIXTH GRADE

She has soft smooth skin,  
glistening lips,  
the warmest touch, too  
the coldest breath.  
Emerald eyes,  
...

There's so much I can't forget about  
her  
She is the one I loved  
But it feels as if we are so far apart  
Even as we lay next to each other  
She is perfect  
I wouldn't be surprised to find her in  
a Polaroid picture,  
or hung on someone's wall  
but I leave her be  
I don't bother her  
in fear of her response.  
...


As Sappho said;  
"Sweet mother, I cannot weave –  
slender Aphrodite has overcome me  
with longing for a girl."  
But this is preposterous,  
I remind myself again and again  
This is normal,  
but not for me  
I don't want to  
I'm not supposed to  
Not for me...  
But her ecru skin, against my arm  
Her cobalt dress against  
me, embracing me in a hug  
Her champagne hair  
her crimson lips,  
her ebony frames against her nose

All of her  
Luring me in  
Like a bear to honey,

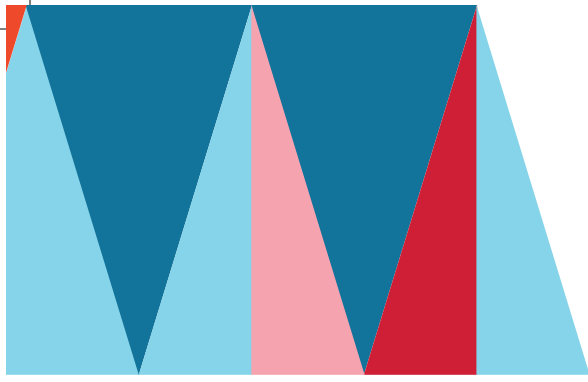
Yet in a moment of hesitation  
I pause,  
I stop,  
and  
Relish the tranquility.  
...

She smells like lemongrass and roses;  
And she means  
everything to me  
It hurts to feel this way,  
but it feels awfully good too.  
...

I often feel like honey  
Dripping from a jar  
and melting  
slowly,  
under the pressure  
of everything  
But  
right now, right here, with you  
I feel great  
I feel like me  
I feel loved



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# Heart of Summer

Natalia Feu, age 14

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

Atop the clouds  
We gazed together  
Our eyes trailing the thin blue snake  
Coiled around delicate jadeite bristles  
As the vivacious canopy superimposed itself  
Upon the layered fields neatly folded  
Piercing rays of sultry fever burned our backs  
Our stillness  
Counterpoised by the emotional turbulence  
We'd faced on our way up  
My blood,  
Once pounding through my head  
So urgently  
Deafened the harmonic chorus of the wildlife  
Whose buoyant melody permeated the chaparral  
Below  
It had now simmered down to a peaceful rhythm  
Further abating the misgivings  
That had welled up as  
Churning knots of apprehension  
Whenever I thought of the risk we were taking  
For such a brief, adventurous thrill  
The cascading torrent of fuming pebbles  
We'd narrowly missed  
And the suffocating clouds of dust that had  
Veiled our eyes  
Only enhanced the lucrative feeling we felt  
Nestled as we were in our sheltered nook  
On the steep precipice  
In the stagnant heart of summer



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# Necesidad

Jorge Cruz

EVERGREEN HIGH SCHOOL  
TENTH GRADE



De querer y de necesitar  
Una similitud pero diferente en su forma.  
Mi cuerpo quiere, se quiere alimentar.  
Mi mente da vueltas, parece que estoy en medio de una tormenta.

Quiero, pero no puedo.  
Lo hago, pero al final me siento vacío.  
Ya no puedo sentirme "El" mismo  
He cortado lo suficientemente profundo como para que nunca se repare.

Estoy llorando, ¿no puedes ver?  
Por supuesto, porque lo he escondido durante tanto tiempo, parece normal.  
No estoy bien, y nunca lo estaré.  
Mi vida se ha salido de control.

Esta hermosa vida sigue dejando todo más ligero.  
Es demasiado tarde para dar la vuelta, me gustaría poder hacerlo.  
Pero no soy lo suficientemente fuerte, no soy un luchador.  
Pero, ¿qué cambiaría, por dónde empezaría, en la infancia o en mi juventud?

¿Elegiría ser alguien diferente?  
¿Quizás un guionista o un compositor?  
No, no quiero nada de eso, solo quiero que este sufrimiento termine, para que descienda.  
Estoy haciendo lo mismo cada día como redactor.

Me estoy volviendo despiadado sin eso.  
Espero cuando nadie pueda verme.  
Cuando nadie me acusa de mis actos de cómo son vistos por los ojos de otros  
No lo quiero... me digo a mí mismo, ambos sabemos que no es cierto,  
el sentimiento crece y se ramifica a otras cosas, como un árbol.

El fin es si lo hago o no.  
Solo soy un instrumento desgastado.  
Son las I en punto y estoy derrotado por lo que he luchado.  
A ver, porque esto podría ser lo que no necesito o amo.

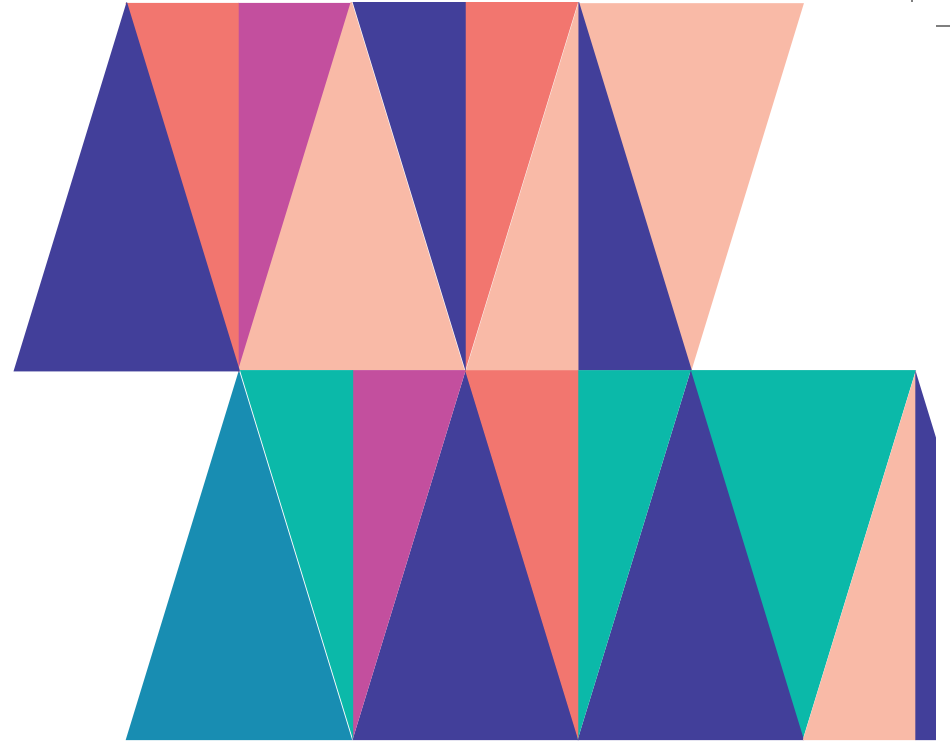


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# Two Crows

Justice Hall, age 17  
SOUTH LAKE HIGH SCHOOL  
ELEVENTH GRADE



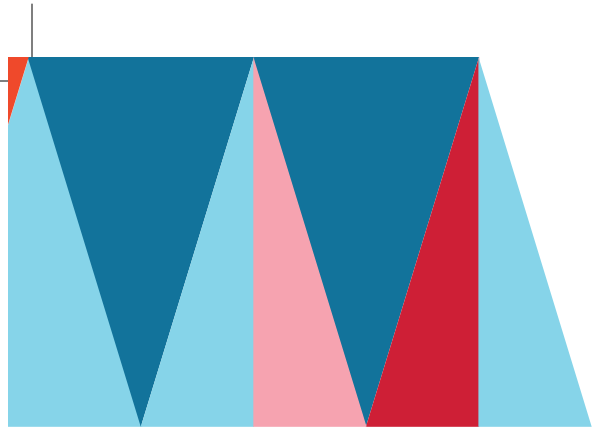
Two Crows sit under the dark-heart moon  
And whisper amongst themselves  
about how wonderful the next day could be  
The raven wishes to rest with them so they hop to make room  
Two Crows and a Raven sit under the dark-heart moon  
And whisper amongst themselves  
about the cracks in the moon  
The small, dark cracks that seem to have invited themselves  
Offer no beauty to the dark-heart moon

No happy, No smiles  
Only reminders of pain and sin  
Good thing the moon's dark  
Only the Two Crows can see these cracks  
Only the Two Crows can mend these cracks  
The outsider Raven wants to see  
The Raven loves to find beauty in ugly things  
In all things  
In nothing

But the Two Crows won't let it see  
They fear the cracks will get worse the more others see  
Not even the Crows want to see the ugly in the cracks



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# Hummingbird

Gilbert John, age 19

SEATTLE CHILDREN'S

Zooming everywhere

Red

Tiny

Happy

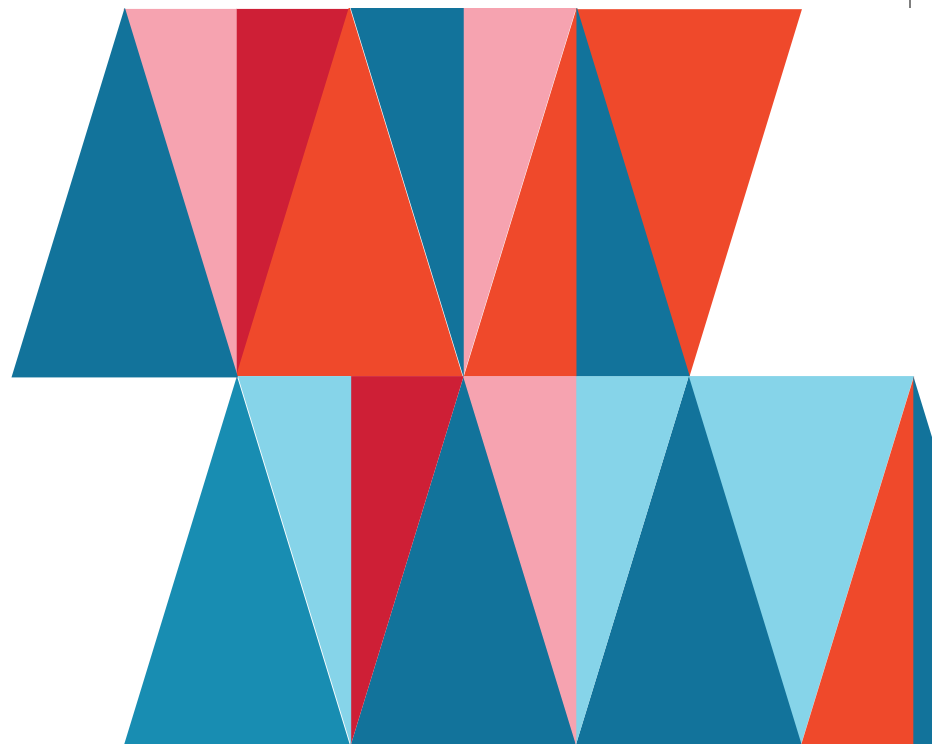
She says, "Hi. Let's hang out."

The hummingbird of my heart

goes to the trees

and lands on a branch.

Hummingbirds are always quiet.



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# We Don't Have To

Gianni Johnson, age 16

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL  
ELEVENTH GRADE

We don't have to kill our environment to make beautiful things  
If my life was on a dark path, should I continue on to see what life brings?  
Self-inspired hope after finding new ways to cope  
Dealing with demolition would leave one so pessimistic  
Watching it all fall then running off in the distance  
Returning to the rubble to find something once missing  
Memories are lost along with the cause  
And it's been like this for so long  
That we don't know how to right our wrongs




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# Black

Lola Johnson, age 15

THE CENTER SCHOOL  
TENTH GRADE

- 
1. Ravens and quiet lagoons,  
color of eternal slumber,  
and gutted caskets.
  2. Cold moonlit touch,  
sobbing winter chill,  
loneliness caught in the rut  
of my throat
  3. trembling against warmth,  
crumpled  
desperately blessing failure.
  4. I'm not right am I?
  5. heather and lavender  
rooted in your many scents,  
you chant cedar.
  6. blind stubborn possibility  
honey sublime  
alas the fools think sour.



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# Blue

Dylan Rose Kelly, age 12

CATHARINE BLAINE K-8 SCHOOL  
SIXTH GRADE



It's called blue the color of the sky

It's called blue the color the water seems to be, but is only a reflection

They call it blue, but it can be tourmaline

It's called blue on your tongue when you eat a lollipop

It's called blue the color that can make you cry when the flowers are blue at  
someone's ceremony

They call it blue, but it can be pensive blue

It's called blue not white not purple they call it blue, it can make you laugh  
or cry you decide but it is

Blue Blue Blue Blue Blue



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# What You Need to Know

Real, age 14

WASHINGTON MIDDLE SCHOOL  
EIGHTH GRADE

Here's what you need to know about my sister  
She is obnoxious like a sugar rush  
Every time I eat is she is like a little puppy begging for food

She is the size of a miniature doll  
She has a brain like an elephant  
She twinkles brighter than a star  
She can be as loud as a concert

Can't say my name right, so she call me "Ality"... or Cheeky  
She is sweet and sour like a Sour Patch Kid but with a little extra sour

She is wild like the wilderness  
She has the biggest heart you can find  
I tried to lose her for some time  
But, it seems like she is attached to my body

She is somewhat of a mini-me

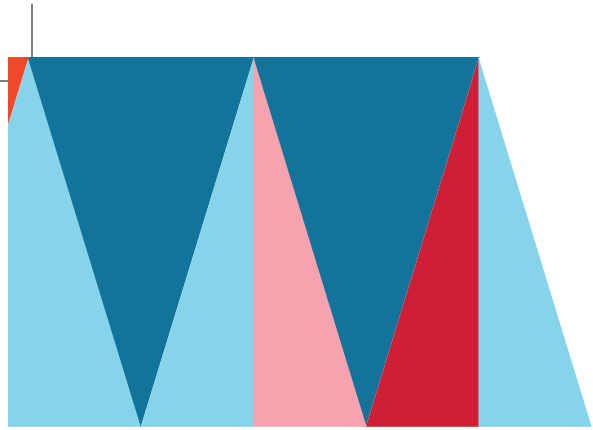
She is two going on twelve

She is a fly that can't go away

She is my little sister



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# My Name

Pitisi Mateaki, age 16

SOUTH LAKE HIGH SCHOOL  
TENTH GRADE



My name came from whispers  
and was pinned on an unknown being  
searching for a title, a tag, a name, my name  
My name became annoying,  
hearing it being shouted by a mouth  
that sounds like a horn blowing in your ear  
My name learned to love every bit of itself  
because nobody is going to love you  
the way YOU love you

My name forgot where it originated from  
and began to lose its way in the depths of the Pacific Ocean

And that's how I was born,  
from a whisper rising up from an underwater cage.



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# My Blue

Brian Sanchez Bello, age 14

EVERGREEN HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

My name is Brian. My time is blue.  
My blue is for the path I choose  
sad, mad, it's all bad,  
but blue - it's what I have.

My blue is for the road I drove, still thankful  
for what I deserved  
it's always long, and even when I'm wrong  
my blue is strong.

My blue is for my people with good hearts  
even though they get lonely in their sad parts.

My blue is for everything,  
I've got to cherish everything  
it's just so precious.

My blue is for my cup,  
take a sip, I'm all done,  
over, time is all gone  
but I'll never forget what's going on.

My blue is for my friends that don't ever go away,  
so thankful they stayed.

My blue is for noon, and four to six o'clock  
ready to say wassup  
call me when I'm done.

My blue is for summer late nights  
the music gets me in good vibes  
looking at the sky, taking my time.  
My blue, always giving me light.  
My blue is for the path I choose  
sad, mad, it's all bad,  
but blue - it's what I have.

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# Severed

Mia Saunders, age 15

BALLARD HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

Tears that pool in marbled eyes blossom across the planes of her face  
Versions of her grin through frames of silver, younger, older,  
Silent seething plume escapes beneath her tongue, tempest crackles in the grooves of her palm

Why must you carry this burden alone?  
What horror were you witness to?  
What good will violence do?

It clings to your soul like burning tar and black sticky rice, muddles your judgement  
Flesh that is tightly wrapped around my skull is sculpted and etched by gravity's jagged nails  
My head is mounted on skeletal walls, my breath is encased in barbed wire and glass and

not my body  
not my body



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# I Wish She Knew

Mariama Sheikh, age 15

EVERGREEN HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

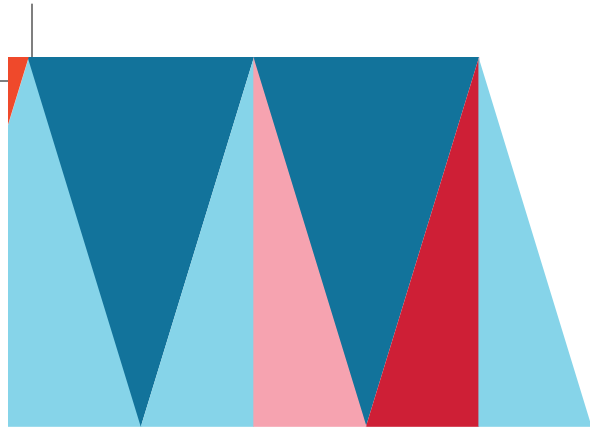
My name is Mariama. My name means GIFT OF GOD.  
I wish this little girl knew not to fight always.  
That she is more than other people's words.  
I wish she knew not to run towards the bad, but the good.  
I wish she knew not to cry over her skin.  
But she decides to turn a blind eye and cry.

Always changing herself for the people who would later hurt her.  
She is sad when she sees people who are like her but have more confidence.  
She is smiling when someone compliments her skin.  
But inside she thinks they are saying it to make themselves feel better.  
I wish this little girl knew how beautiful she is  
I wish she knew that she is African and that is what makes her different.  
I wish she knew how lucky she is to have been born in this beautiful color.  
But she decides to turn a blind eye and cry.

I wish she knew she is as smart as her peers.  
That she is as unique as her friends.  
She thinks if she doesn't talk or say what is on her mind she is dumb.  
I wish she knew she is bright as the sun.  
But she decides to turn a blind eye and cry.



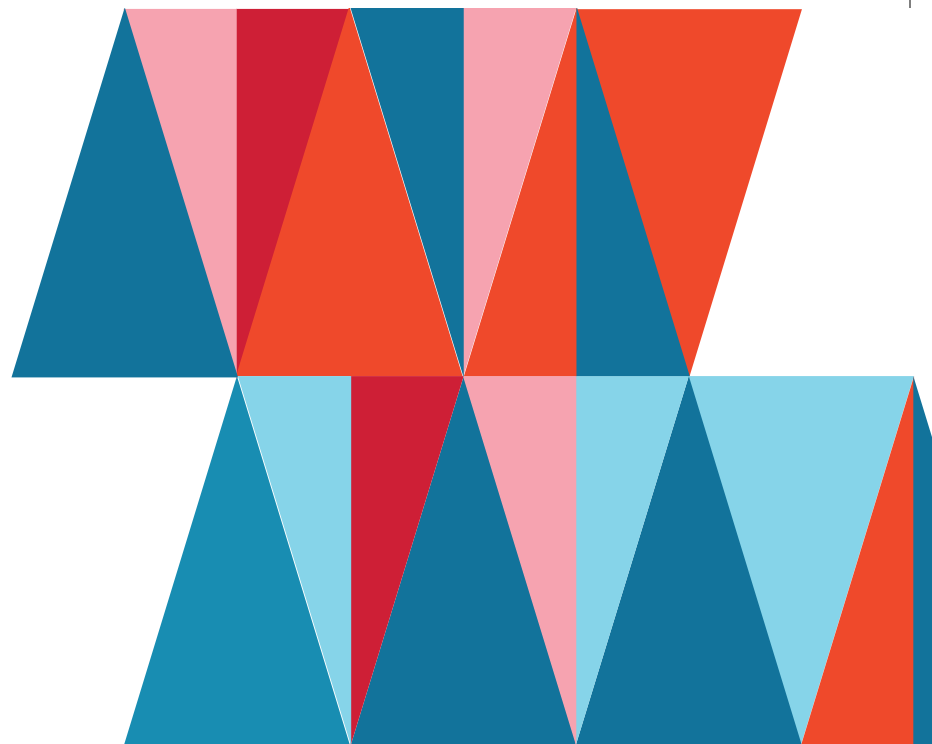
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# Culture

Miles Stevens, age 12

McCLURE MIDDLE SCHOOL  
SEVENTH GRADE



A tree's roots are vast and important  
Just like my culture

From the diverse land of Puerto Rico to the shivering cold of Ukraine  
My culture runs  
From the jagged Slovenian mountains to the West Coast  
My culture flies like the city pigeons or crows

One time someone asked me, "Who are you?"  
I told them, "I am Diversity!"

Because it's true  
We are all and that's what some people don't see  
We deserve the same opportunity!



This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at McClure Middle School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Christy Lee Barnes.



# Between You and Me

Adrienne K. Tibbs, age 15

NATHAN HALE HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

It's the tree that fills me with serenity. the green that towers me with hope. the roots that surround me in the twists and turns of sound. those roots that have grown to help me find mine. the limbs that make me long for touch. the smell that brings me back to that safety. It's that one god damn tree that brings me back to my center. that one tree that finds my composure. out in a desert that can no longer sustain its wealth. the one that's dying because of so many palms. soon we must embalm. our time apart has been a too long break, that i don't know how much more it can take. how far will its leaves fall to catch up to me? or will they ever fall? the tree that's so far away now i've forgotten its coloring and its forgotten mine. though its splinters would always hurt but never fully destroy our skin. but god damn it's my tree that fills me with serenity. it doesn't get to pass without me seeing it again. it doesn't get to leave me without letting me say...



This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Nathan Hale High School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Arianne True.





# Home in My Heart

Lesley Torres  
EVERGREEN HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

With every breath  
You can savour  
The honey flavored  
Air.

With every glance  
You can catch  
The sun beams that  
Light up the ranch.

With every touch  
You feel attached  
To Mexico that is at  
My heart and mind.



This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Evergreen High School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Maiah Merino.



# My Name is Margaret

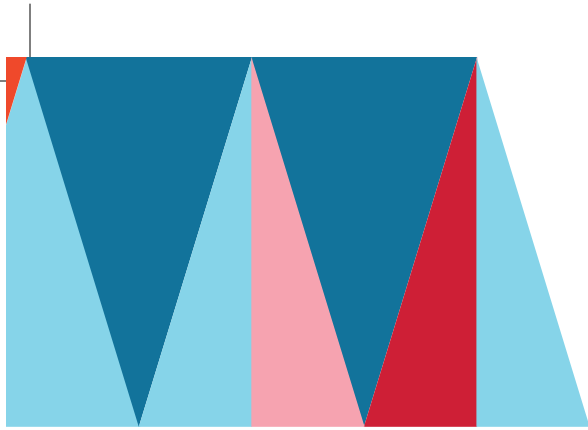
Meg Wickersham, age 15

WEST SEATTLE HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE

My name is Margaret, but I go by Meg. My mother and father named me after my grandmother and great-grandmother. I was always called Meg though. It's kinda like having two different personalities though. Meg is like my childhood friend that I know and understand, and Margaret is like the relative that I know of but I don't know who they truly are. Meg is like a summer or spring day with the sun out. Margaret is like the fall with oranges, reds, and browns flowing around them; the only true time that I knew them was when they were born on a fall day like that. Meg is the one I'm comfortable around where I don't have to feel like I must uphold a reputation. Margaret is the one where I must be careful around what I do.



This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at West Seattle High School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Rachel Kessler.



# Two Letters

Yaqqiyrah Yishmael, age 17

BIG PICTURE HIGH SCHOOL  
ELEVENTH GRADE



Dear 2013 Yaqqiyrah,

If I timed this right, you're 12 right now. You've already entered the sixth grade but it's not too late! For both of our sakes, listen up. There is a girl who lives up the street. Don't talk to her, don't look at her, just stay away. Now, chances are you ignored me because you're a rebellious delinquent. But do not, under any circumstances, visit her baby.

There's a guy. Sure he's cute but what on earth are you doing? We both know where that guy is headed. And if you need more evidence, the guy still hasn't finished his twenty years.

Those middle school dances are fine. For now. But it's gonna get boring and the security's gonna get tighter and the cops will show up at every other one. Have your fun and yes, just so you know, those track pants that your "friend" had on? Both your parents knew she had on a mini skirt. But hey! Props to you for not wearing those shorts she offered you. You'll learn later that girls who hang out together take on the worst one's reputations. Be careful who you keep in your circle.

Other than that, have fun, pay no mind to any of the dudes and do us both a favor; skip the matte lipstick phase.

Sincerely,  
The 2019 you

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Dear 2019 Yaqqiyrah,

First off, I'm pretty sure writing to your past self holds the possibility of screwing up the time/space continuum, but hey! I see we kept the same juvenile delinquency.

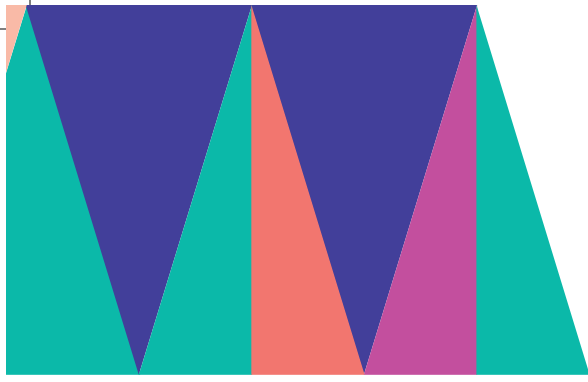
Mom and dad didn't allow me to see our friend once they found out she was pregnant so I couldn't talk to her if I wanted to so you're safe. What was it that you said in the first letter? "Girls who hang out together take on the reputation of the worst girl?" I have this strange feeling that that is the more straight-forward version of "birds of a feather flock together" which is something mom and dad use to say to us. Either you learned from experience, in which case you should have warned me about that, not about the freakin dances, or they finally started making sense to us. Which, I gotta say, is pretty impressive. And again, why are you not telling me how to understand them instead of congratulating me for not wearing those shorts?

Anyways, I'll keep your advice in mind. I'll also have you know that I (or we...God this is weird) look amazing in matte lipstick.

Sincerely,  
The 2013 you

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# The F Train

Lucia Young, age 15

ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL  
NINTH GRADE



Maybe she didn't get the job  
Maybe the hiring manager found her height overbearing, That she  
reeked of women who frighten men  
Maybe he caught sight of the pendant on the chain around her neck  
Hanging just above the hemline of a new-looking grey cardigan.  
A tarnished beauty on the shore of crisp formality  
I imagine her boyfriend gifted her the stone.  
Maybe she loves the necklace, a beautiful burnt orange carnelian rock  
Maybe she doesn't love him anymore.  
Hates the sound of his voice on sleepy mornings  
A pretentious whine with an enchanting sort of ring  
I imagine him at her 23rd birthday party  
The drinks she may have spilled, the stories she may have told, the  
friends she might have made  
Maybe she felt the world was hers, like I feel now  
Maybe he fulfilled that feeling  
Maybe that feeling has been replaced.  
She smiles up from her book with tired brown eyes when she sees me  
watching  
I avert my eyes quickly, although I'd love to engage.  
It has the cover of all my favorite novels

The train slows to a stop  
She gathers her coat into her arms and leaves through the double wide  
doors  
I hope she deals with rejection better than I do.



This broadside was created in celebration of the Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) Program 2018-19 Year End Reading. It was written at Roosevelt High School during the 2018-19 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence Matt Gano.